

## The Easy Mark & The Old Maid

Bad Books

Some men collapse at the racetrack  
Their wrong and beat up, their eyes black  
Others wilt in casinos  
Roll dice and piss away speedboats  
Some dissolve into bar stools  
Scratched off in boxes and playoff pools  
I spent myself on a psychic  
I lost my way and a friend said she would find it  
Man, we were wrong.  
Man, we were wrong.  
I asked for the future,  
She only sang me a song.

Some men they go make their own luck  
Grow fat from feeding on lame ducks  
The easy mark and the old maid  
The invalid and the ingrate  
Others wait for that high sign  
Some holy hoax in the tree-line  
Me, I'm counting my canned food  
Bunkered down waiting out our slingshot moods  
But what if I'm wrong?  
What if I'm wrong?  
I'll open my doors up  
People, come sweep me along.

Eyes are fixed and my palms are spread  
Dissonance floats my shipwrecked head  
God sleeps in the Gaza strip  
And man alone's left alone to live with it  
The coin-flip faith of the optimist  
It's beginners luck in a sewing kit  
What's to do when there is no fix  
On the unflinching ambivalence?

But you say that's wrong  
Hopeless and wrong  
We re-thread your needle,  
You say, "God, play along."